

# THE HAULI TRIES CONCLUSIONS WITH THE KANAWHA, BUT IS LEFT ASTERN

Mr. H. H. Rogers' Splendid Steam Yacht Has Lively Brush with Mr. F. M. Smith's Craft.

EACH EAGER FOR SPIN

Lysistrata Cup Winner, However, Proves Too Speedy for Vessel Seeking to Lower Her Colors.

BRUSH STIRS UP EXCITEMENT

Homecomers Watch the Two Come Up the Bay with Steam Crowded On and Battling Hard for Victory.

Score another victory for the speedy Kanawha! In a race up the bay after the Reliance-Shamrock struggle yesterday Mr. Henry H. Rogers' flyer again proved her superiority as a sprinter over anything afloat, except perhaps such craft as the Arrow and similar speeding machines not built for cruising.

Yesterday's contest was with the Hauli, the new yacht built for Mr. F. M. Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, and launched this spring. She was expected to be the craft that would lower the Kanawha's colors if any boat hereabouts could. But when the Kanawha got her engines fairly going she left the Hauli in her wake, as she has the Monmouth, the Noma and half a dozen others which have tried conclusions with her.

The Hauli had been out at each of the America Cup races during the last week, but yesterday was the first time she tried to have a brush with the older boat. As soon as the race was concluded the Kanawha started for the city. The Hauli was perhaps half a mile away and tearing along at full speed. The Kanawha was ready for the implied challenge and the steam gauge in the engine room crept upward bit by bit.

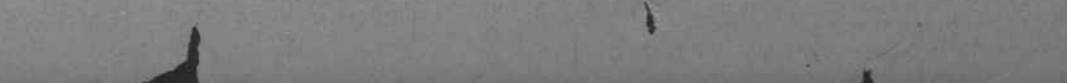
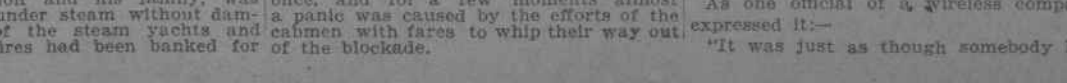
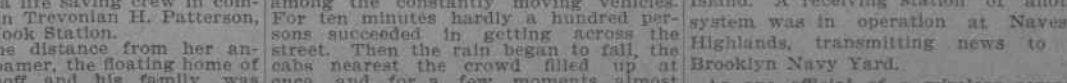
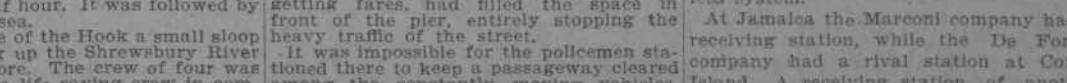
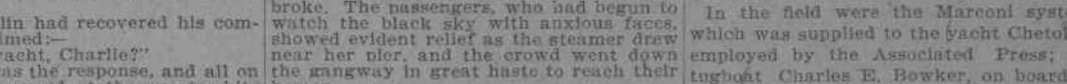
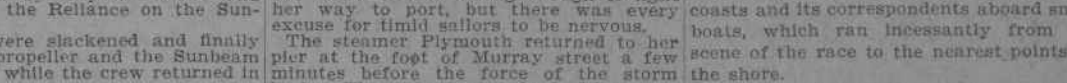
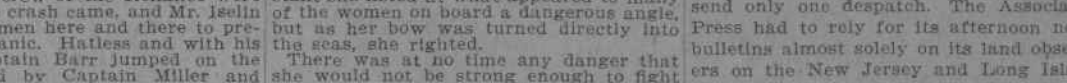
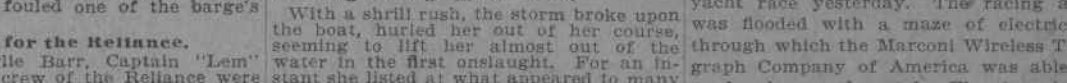
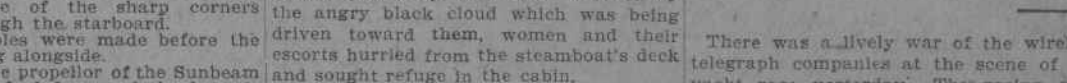
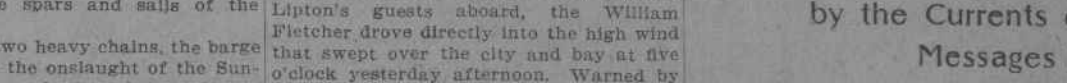
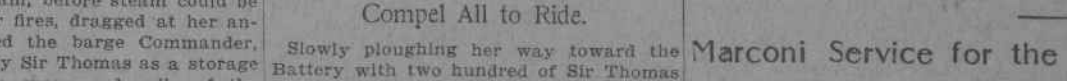
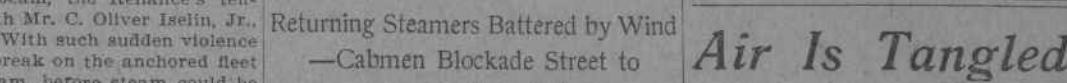
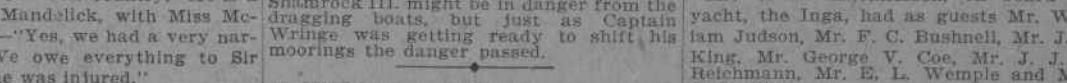
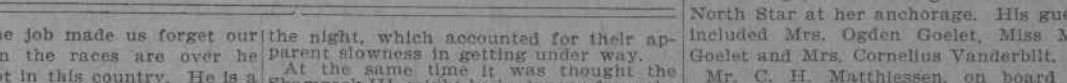
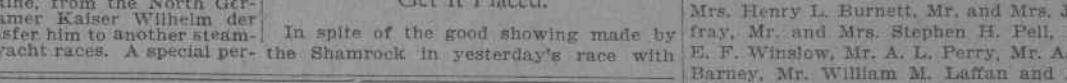
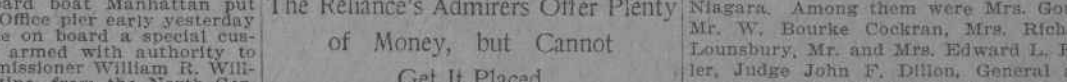
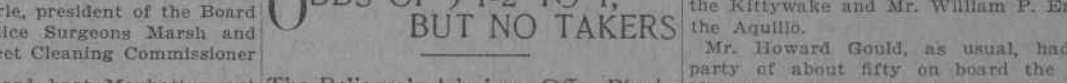
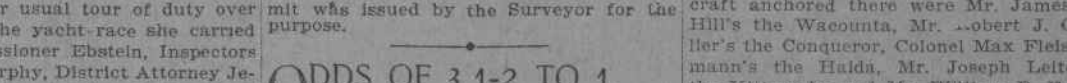
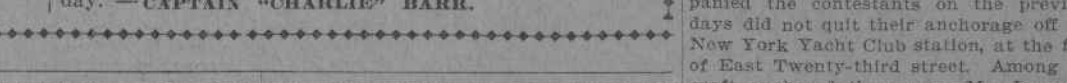
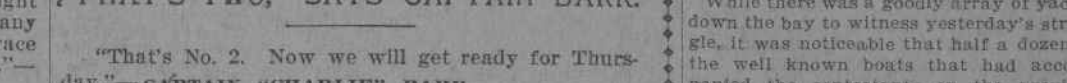
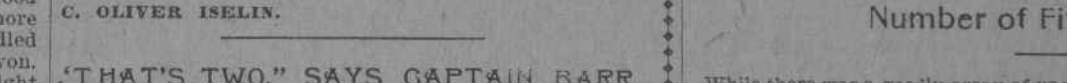
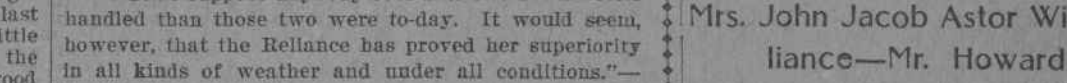
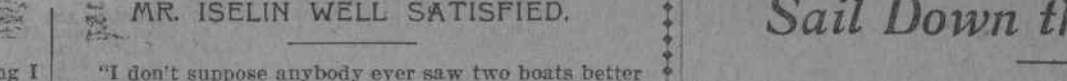
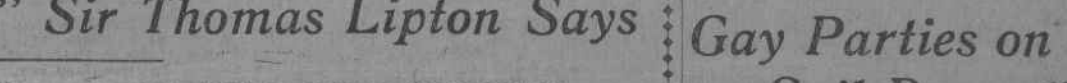
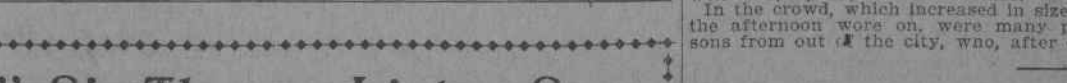
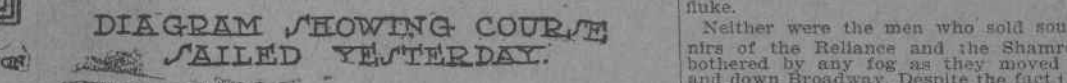
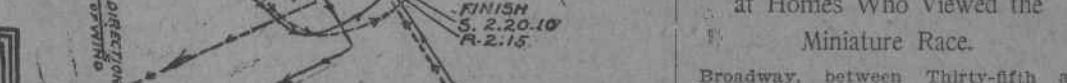
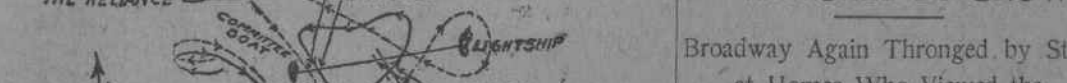
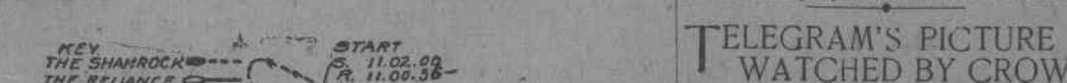
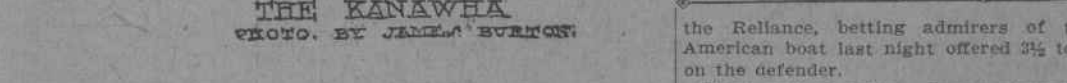
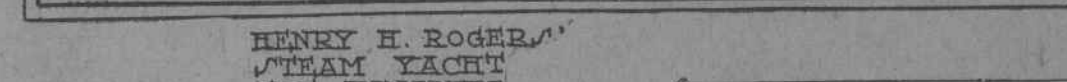
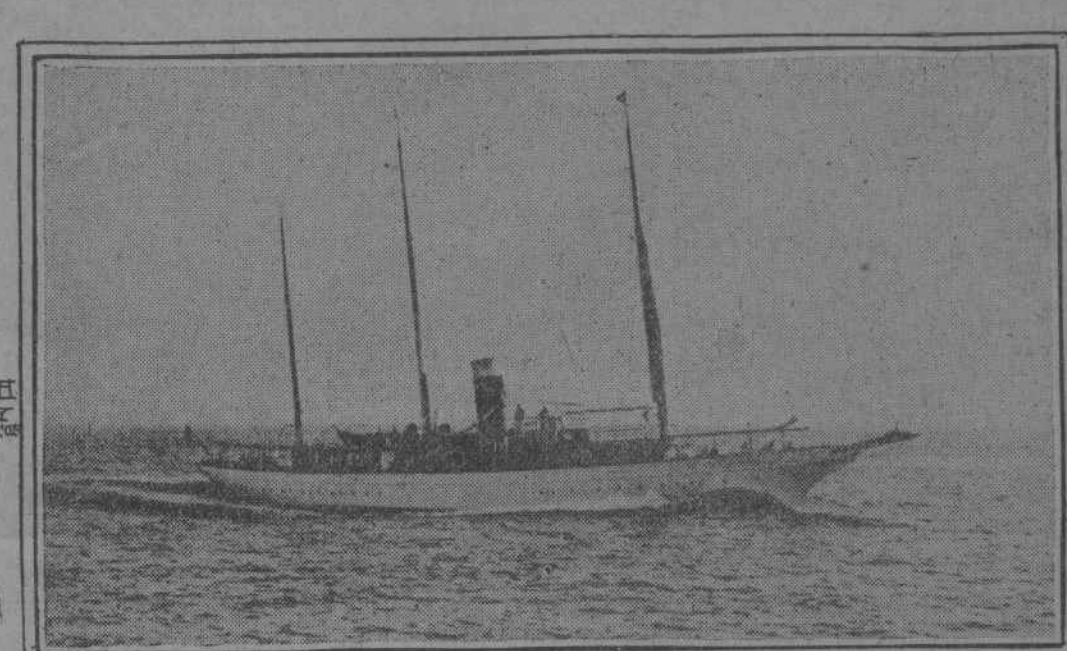
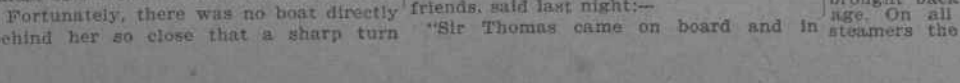
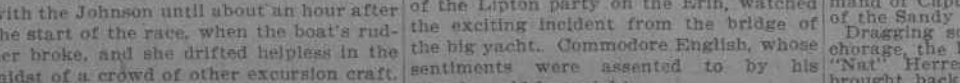
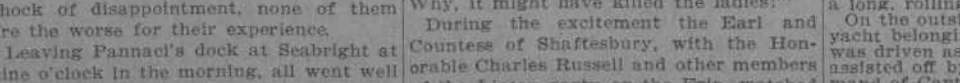
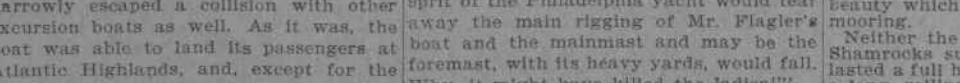
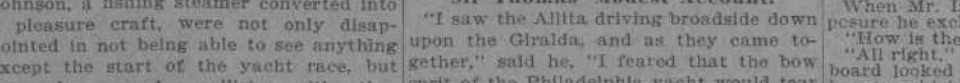
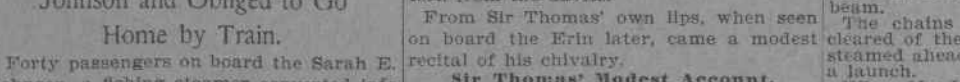
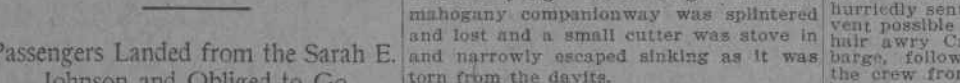
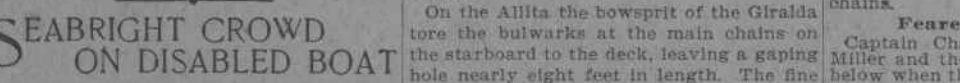
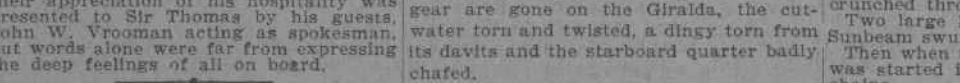
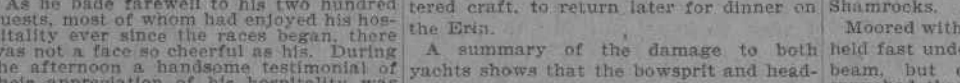
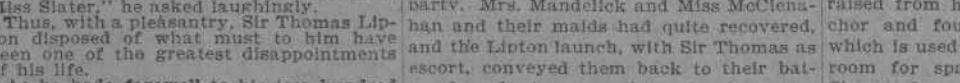
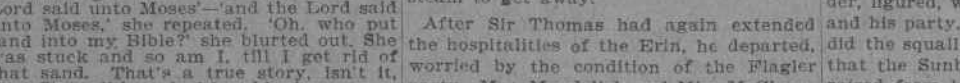
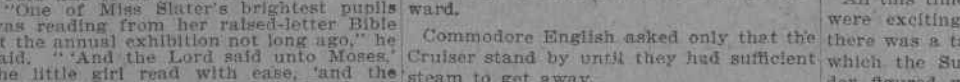
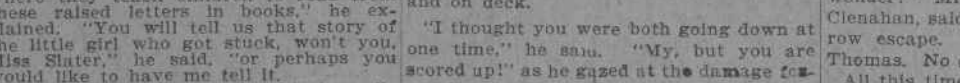
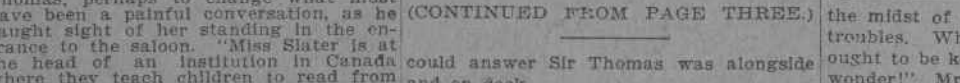
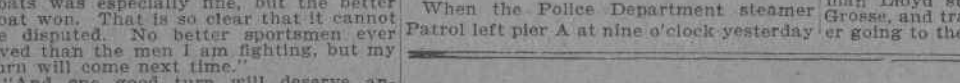
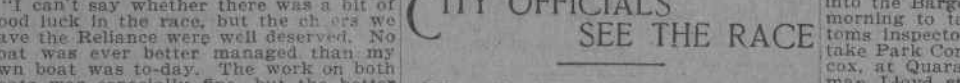
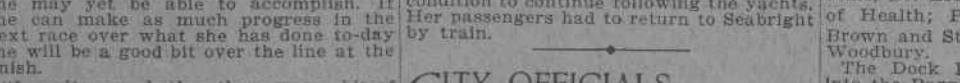
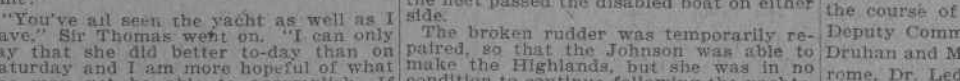
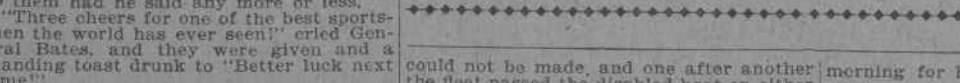
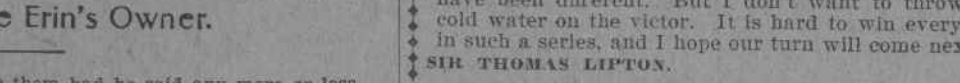
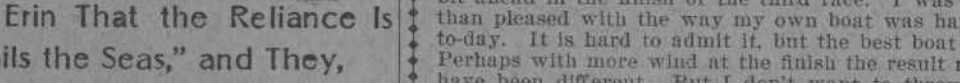
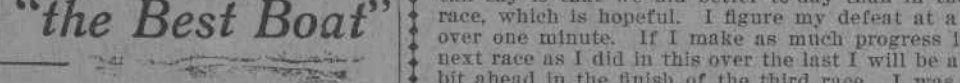
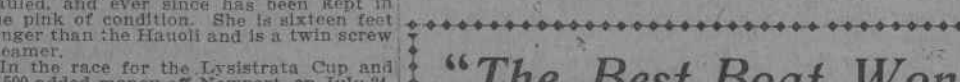
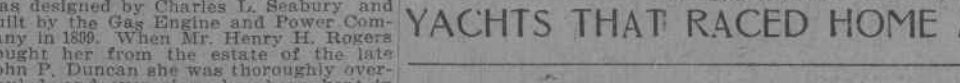
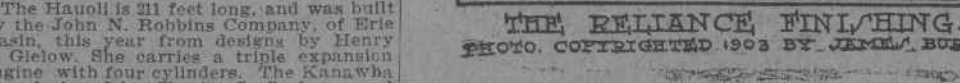
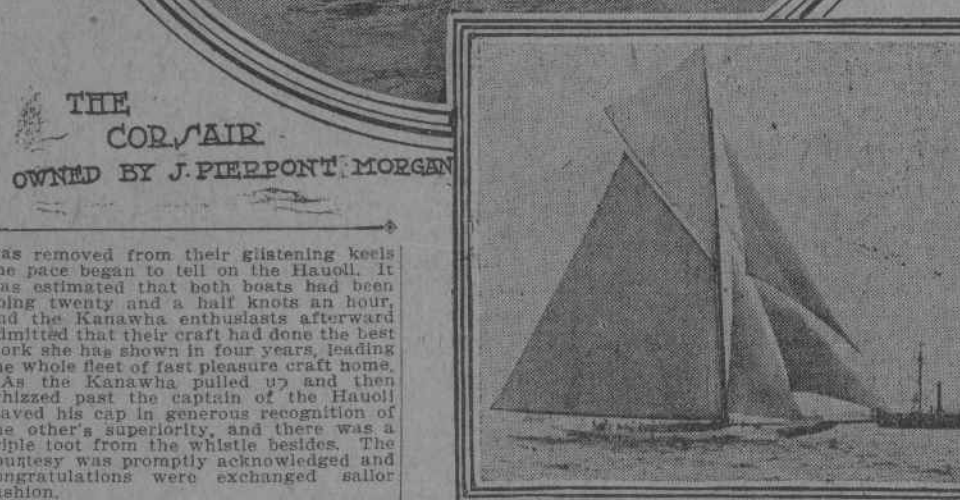
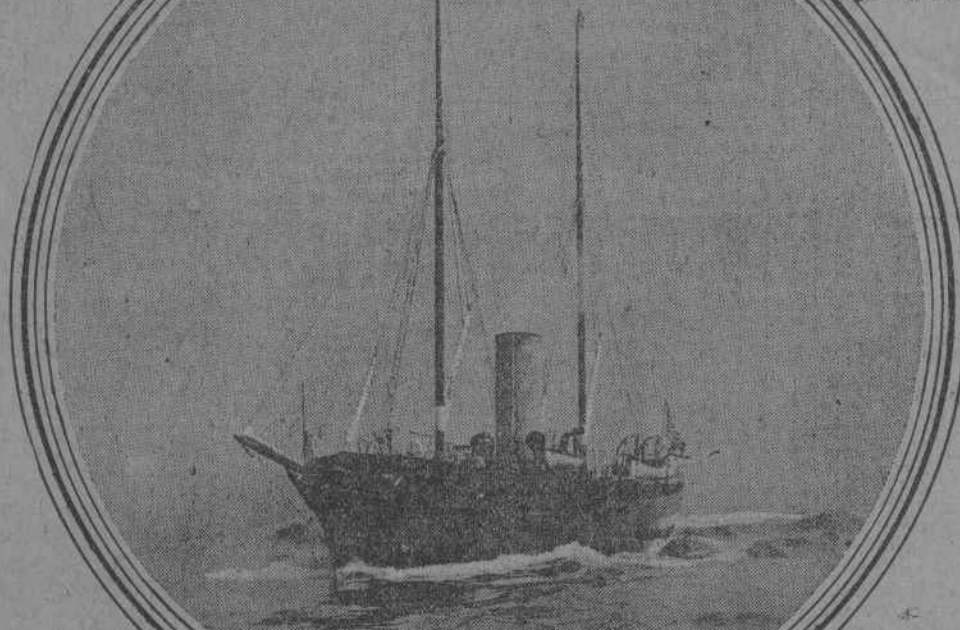
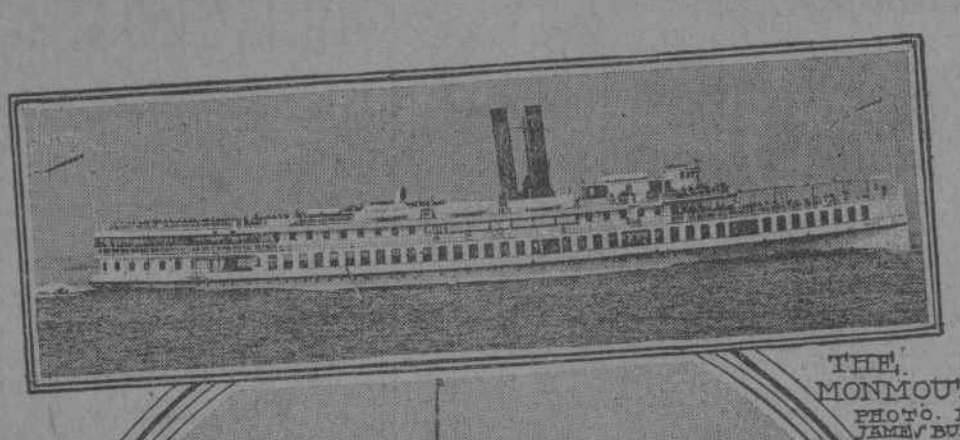
**The Electra Keeps Out.**  
Soon the Kanawha was overhauling her rival, and then for a mile or more it was nip and tuck between the two. The Electra, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry's yacht, seemed willing to make it a three-cornered affair, but the other two were eager to fight it out by themselves.

All the craft that were in sight tried to keep the flyers in view, and there was as much excitement over this aftermath of the international struggle as if it were the event of the day. The steam yachts were ostensibly merely trying to get their passengers up to the city before the black clouds that darkened the sky should fall and drench them with rain, but to every body it was apparent that something more was at stake than yachting togs and that another effort was being made to wrest away the Kanawha's laurels.

The momentary incursion of the Electra threw the Kanawha out of her course, and hopes ran high on board the Hauli that she might outfoot her competitor. Both yachts were making the water spray, and it was not until the Kanawha was getting into her true stride, the space between the two shrunk perceptibly, and there were no more spectators on the faces of the Kanawha's passengers.

A call down into the engine room brought forth the fact that the Kanawha was making 220 revolutions a minute and the other was whirling around 232 times in the same time. The Kanawha was making 345 pounds of steam by the gauge, and she blows off at 250 pounds. It can be seen that the Hauli was being pushed, for a while at least.

Then as the flyers leaped into deeper water again and the drag of the shoals



The Monmouth and the Erin and Other Craft Well Filled with Enthusiasts Over Race.

PATROL RULES OBSERVED

Captains Keep in Line Under Watchful Eye of Uncle Sam's Revenue Men, Who Guard Course.

BOATLOADS CHEER WINNER

Great Clamor Comes from All the Spectators as the Reliance Makes It Two Straight for the Cup.

trip to the races, decided they could get as much sport and much less seasickness by watching the water race. One of the many enthusiastic spectators was a woman, who, after having seen the first attempt at a race from the Monmouth, the New York Yacht Club boat, declared she preferred witnessing the race on dry land in Herald square. The ground swell at sea was too much for her, so yesterday she said goodbye to her husband and party and let them have the discomfort of the ground swell without her, while she, from a comfortable spot in Broadway, followed the course of the boats as depicted on the canvas sea.

**EXCURSION VESSELS ALL STAY IN LINE**

Although many of the excursion craft which followed the racers had a large contingent of sightseers, there was a noticeable falling off as compared with the attendance at the first race.

The leading ships of the early morning, the fear that there would be no breeze and the idea that the race might not be as exciting as it really proved to be kept away many who would otherwise have been spectators. The rivalry between the agents of the various steamers became all the more keen on account of the smaller attendance and the sellers of hat strings and yachting caps grew the more insistent in trying their wares.

Captain Daggett, of the City of Savannah, who became involved in a dispute with the revenue men, yet even on these boundaries within which the observation of the revenue men was kept last Saturday, did not consider the City of Savannah a fair competitor. The Indian Harbor Yacht Club, of Greenwich, and the neighboring Riverside Yacht Club had declined to enter the race.

The Plymouth, of the Fall River line, and the Gay Head had many passengers, as did the Taurus, yet even on these it could be seen that the lines of the spectators were thin in places.

The four cruise ships, three hundred members of the Atlantic Yacht Club, and the Gay Head took down to the Hook as early as the morning of the race.

On the Sirius was a crowd of enthusiasts who were well pleased with the opportunities they received to be as near as possible to the flyers.

**TELEGRAM'S PICTURE WATCHED BY CROWD**

Broadway Again Thronged by Stay-at-Homes Who Viewed the Miniature Race.

Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, was once more packed with yachting enthusiasts, who watched with great interest the miniature race displayed in connection with the Evening Telegram's bulletin service.

It was an "I told you so" crowd, and the fact that the expected happened did not dampen the enthusiasm of the throng of spectators, however, and as the yachts moved along, the Reliance always ahead and gaining on her competitor, cheers for the champion of the ocean were not lacking.

Even if the bulletin boards told of foggy weather outside of the Narrows, the view of the little yachts was never obstructed, and the breeze that blew in stiff puffs up Broadway encouraged those who were fearful lest the race would be another fiasco.

Neither were the men who sold souvenirs of the Reliance and the Shamrock bothered by any fog as they moved up and down Broadway. Despite the fact that the Shamrock III was usually far astern of the defender, there was an active demand for Shamrock souvenirs, for, as one man put it, every one had admiration as well as sympathy for Sir Thomas.

In the crowd, which increased in size as the afternoon wore on, many persons from out of the city, who, after one

**Gay Parties on Private Yachts Sail Down the Bay to the Race**

Mrs. John Jacob Astor Wins \$250 in a Pool on the Reliance—Mr. Howard Gould's Guests, to the Number of Fifty, on the Niagara.

While there was a goodly array of yachts down the bay to witness yesterday's struggle, it was noticeable that half a dozen of the well known boats that had accompanied the contestants at the previous days did not quit their anchorage off the New York Yacht Club station, at the foot of East Twenty-third street. Among the craft anchored there were Mr. James J. Hill's the Wacoima, Mr. Robert J. Collier's the Conqueror, Colonel Max Fleischer's the Haida, Mr. Joseph Leiter's the Kittyhawk and Mr. William P. Eno's the Aquilla.

Mr. Howard Gould, as usual, had a party of about fifty on board the big Niagara. Among them were Mrs. Gould, Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, Mrs. Richard Lounsberry, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Fuller, Judge John F. Dillon, General and Mrs. Henry L. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Pell, Mr. E. F. Winslow, Mr. A. L. Perry, Mr. A. L. Barney, Mr. William M. Laffan and Mr. Edward Jaffray.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt took a small party down to Bay Ridge on his tender, the Mirage, transferring them to the North Star at her anchorage. His guests included Mrs. Ogden Goebel, Miss May Goebel and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Mr. C. H. Matthiessen, on board his yacht, the Inga, had as guests Mr. William Judson, Mr. F. C. Bushnell, Mr. J. C. King, Mr. George V. Cox, Mr. J. H. Lehmann, Mr. E. L. Wemple and Mrs. C. L. Glass.

For Isaac Stern had as his guests on board his yacht, the Virginia, Dr. George M. Swift, Mr. Alfred Krower, Mr. Theo-

**Air Is Tangled by Wireless War**  
Marconi Service for the Yacht Races Interfered With by the Currents of Rival Concerns—All Messages Badly Jumbled.

There was a lively war of the wireless, been playing on all the keys of a piano at once without an individual note being distinguished during the uproar. They kept pounding the air all the time.

From the yacht Chetolah the Associated Press received a message at five minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon. It was the only bulletin sent by the Marconi system. For the rest of the afternoon the apparatus of the various receiving stations was agitated by numberless electric currents.

Out of the jumble only one thing was distinguishable. It was the effusion of a wireless operator with poetical inclinations, who for hours industriously kept grinding out stanzas of "The Wreck of the Hesperus." This was done to the disgust of the operators aboard rival craft, each of whom accused the others of the prank. As a result each man tried to outdo his rivals in sending out sarcastic messages, which were unintelligible, however, to any one but the sender.

From its station at Jamaica the Marconi company attempted to send a message to receive and transmit a report of the finish of the races, wired to this city. "Opposition has continued to depress the signal," expressed it.

"It was just as though somebody had

**Sir Thomas, Unmoved by Defeat, Loudly Cheers "the Best Boat"**

He Tells His Guests on the Erin That the Reliance Is "the Fastest Yacht That Sails the Seas," and They, in Turn, Cheer the Erin's Owner.

Standing on the bridge of the Erin, his legs braced well apart in an attitude he often assumes, and his eyes glued to his glasses, Sir Thomas Lipton followed the Shamrock during those last breathless minutes of the race. Beside him the Earl of Shaftesbury held his watch and counted off the fateful seconds. Below, on the sun deck, Sir Thomas' guests, with straining nerves, prayed for victory for the challenger.

No one spoke, for it was a moment when words were worse than superfluous. A score of men, with watches set to the fraction of a second, hardly breathed, so tense was the air upon them. Women unconsciously sought support on the arms of men standing nearest to them.

Could hopes have made a hurricane those last trying moments, Sir Thomas Lipton would at last have won a race. While the seconds flew by with what seemed like unparalleled rapidity, he stood rigid on the bridge. All too soon, the last second of time allowance expired. The Earl slipped his watch to his pocket. Sir Thomas lowered his glasses. He had lost another race when victory seemed almost his at last.

With one accord his guests turned their faces toward him expressive with the deep sympathy they felt for him. For an instant he shook himself as a man will when relieved from a great strain. He spoke a word to the Earl and stepped to the side of the bridge overlooking the deck. Leaning easily upon the rail, he waited for an instant, and then, in a steady voice broke the silence.

"We'll run up to the Reliance," he said, "and give her a good hearty cheer."

**Cheers for Sir Thomas.**  
With one impulse a dozen men whirled off their hats and such a ringing cheer was given, not for the Reliance, but for the gallant owner of the challenger, as only a few men receive, and then only once or twice in their lives. It was an enthusiastic burst of admiration. To judge by the expression on his face, the man standing immovable on the bridge never received a tribute more grateful to him.

Giving orders to have the Erin's course altered so that she would pass close to where the Reliance was being towed back to her moorings, Sir Thomas held his post on the bridge, where thousands of excursionists gathered to see the contest. Steaming and revenue cutters paid tribute to his gallant struggle and courage in defeat with cheer upon cheer. Sir Thomas acknowledged the salutes with bows, while his guests looked on with deep gloom on their faces.

As the Erin reached the victorious yacht it was Sir Thomas who gave the signal. "Reliance, ahoy," he shouted. "Now for three round cheers for the fastest yacht that sails the seas."

They were given with a will. If the man who had the most at stake could do no generous, those who had prayed for victory for the Shamrock could do no less. But not more enthusiastically than would have been the cheers for the defeated racer. For just ahead, had not Sir Thomas himself cheered them, they were about to burst forth.

**"The Best Boat Won."**  
Dropping a pleasant word here and there as he passed groups of his friends, Sir Thomas made his way to the smoking saloon, there to meet the newspaper men and be subjected to the trying ordeal of commenting on his defeat for the benefit of the American public.

"The best boat won," there is no use disputing that," he began. "It's pretty hard to lose every race, but if you're beaten, the best boat you can't expect anything else. It's a good thing, though, if you have to be licked, to be licked by your own boat."

It was just what his friends expected him to say. It would have been a surprise

**"The Best Boat Won," Sir Thomas Lipton Says**

**SIR THOMAS STILL HOPES.** MR. ISELIN WELL SATISFIED.

"You have all seen the results, and the only thing I can say is that we did better today than in the last race, which is hopeful. I figure my defeat at a little over one minute. If I make as much progress in the next race as I did in this over the last I will be a good bit ahead in the finish of the third race. I was more than pleased with the way my own boat was handled today. It is hard to admit it, but the best boat won. Perhaps with more wind at the finish the result might have been different. But I don't want to throw any cold water on the victor. It is hard to win every race in such a sea, and I hope our turn will come next."

**SIR THOMAS LIPTON.** "THAT'S TWO," SAYS CAPTAIN BARR.

"That's No. 2. Now we will get ready for Thursday."—CAPTAIN "CHARLIE" BARR.

could not be made, and one after another the fleet passed the disabled boat on either side.

The broken rudder was temporarily repaired, so that the Johnson was able to make the Highlands, but she was in no condition to continue following the yacht. Her passengers had to return to Seabright by train.

The Dock Board boat Manhattan put into the Barge Office pier early yesterday morning for her usual tour of duty over the course of the yacht-race she carried Deputy Commissioner Elstein, Inspectors Drubman and Murphy, District Attorney Jerome, Dr. Lederle, president of the Board of Health, Police Surgeons Marsh and Brown and Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury.

The Police Department steamer Patrol left pier A at nine o'clock yesterday morning for her usual tour of duty over the course of the yacht-race she carried Deputy Commissioner Elstein, Inspectors Drubman and Murphy, District Attorney Jerome, Dr. Lederle, president of the Board of Health, Police Surgeons Marsh and Brown and Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury.

**Four Lives Are Saved by Sir Thomas Lipton**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.)

could answer Sir Thomas was alongside and on deck.

"I thought you were both going down at one time," he said. "My, but you are scared up!" as he gazed at the damage forward.

Commodore English asked only that the Cruiser stand by until they had sufficient steam to get away.

After Sir Thomas had again extended the hospitality of the Erin, he departed, did the usual break on the anchored fleet, and the sunken boat, being steam hoisted, was raised from her fire, dragged at her anchor and fouled the barge Commander, which is used by Sir Thomas as a storage room for spare parts and sails of the Shamrocks.

Moored with two heavy chains, the barge held fast under the onslaught of the Sunbeam, but one of the sharp corners crunched through the starboard.

Two large holes were made before the Sunbeam swung alongside.

Then when the propeller of the Sunbeam was started it fouled one of the barge's chains.

**Fearful for the Reliance.**  
The crew of the Reliance, "Lein" Miller and the crew of the Reliance were below when the crash came, and Mr. Iselin hurriedly sent here and there to prevent possible panic. Hatless and with his hair awry Captain Barr jumped on the barge, followed by Captain Miller and the crew from the Reliance on the Sunbeam.

The chains were slackened and finally cleared of the propeller and the Sunbeam steamed ahead, while the crew returned in a launch.

When Mr. Iselin had recovered his composure he exclaimed:

"How is the yacht, Charlie?"

"All right," was the response, and all on board looked seaward at the great white beauty which rode steadily at her strong mooring.

Neither the Reliance nor either of the Shamrocks suffered by the storm, which lasted a full half hour. It was followed by a long, rolling sea.

On the outside of the Hook a small sloop yacht belonging up the Shrewsbury River was driven ashore. The crew of four was assisted off by a life saving crew in command of Captain Trevonion H. Patterson, of the Sandy Hook Station.

Drinking some distance from her anchorage the Roamer, the floating home of "Nat" Herrshoff and his family, was brought back under steam without damage. On all of the steam yachts and steamers the fires had been banked for

**SEABRIGHT CROWD ON DISABLED BOAT**

Passengers Landed from the Sarah E. Johnson and Obligated to Go Home by Train.